

# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

## The Women Who Accept Everything and Give Nothing in Return

Women are never weary of talking about the lack of chivalry on the part of men in these degenerate twentieth century days. But that men are not altogether to blame for present relations between the sexes may be seen from the following incident, which is absolutely true and of recent occurrence:

A young college student wished to enjoy a week-end visit to a city not far from his college town by going to a Saturday matinee and seeing a play in which he felt a special interest. When he went to purchase his ticket of admission he found that his choice of remaining seats placed him in the front of an upper box, where he had to sit both front and facing the stage to obtain a good view of the scene, its setting and the actors.

The first act was about half through. The play was well presented and the boy was thoroughly enjoying himself, when he heard a whisper of skirts behind him and turned to see that the box had another occupant, this time a member of the feminine sex.

Instinctive courtesy prompted him to rise and offer his place to his newly arrived neighbor, who was elaborately gowned and had on an ultra-sized hat with nodding plumes. The place was accepted with a matter-of-course nonchalance, she of the silken skirts and fashionable headgear settling herself complacently so that she might see and be seen to the best advantage.

She was utterly unmindful of the young man to whom she was indebted for her opportunity. He was so completely overshadowed by her draperies and her hat that he was altogether unable to view the stage or the actors. When he realized his obscurity, he politely asked his neighbor if she would remove her hat. She turned slightly and, giving a half-hostile, half-scornful glance in his direction, answered crisply:

"Why, certainly not. I am not required to remove my hat in a box, and I haven't the slightest idea of so doing." And this, notwithstanding the fact that the reason of the request made was because the person to whom she was obliged for her evening's comfort could not, on account of his unselfish politeness, have the rights for which he had paid and to which he was entitled.

Realizing his powerlessness to contest a point of good breeding with a woman who obviously neither knew nor cared about its requirements, the student at once arose, left the box and stood during the rest of the performance.

But the play and the evening were irretrievably spoiled for him. He was furious, alike at the injustice meted out as a return of courtesy offered and accepted, and because, being a man and a gentleman, silence was the only refuge he could avail himself of against such injustice. And his idealism as to womanly grace, beauty and dignity had received a shock from which there must be a slow rebound, or none whatever. Never again would he experience quite the same pleasure in offering of his best and feeling that the appreciative gratitude which welcomed the best would be the requital he most desired.

Perhaps he might again be called upon to sacrifice himself in behalf of a woman. Though she might be an altogether different type from the one who had inexpressibly fixed herself in his memory, though this second woman might embody consideration, gentleness and sweetness, he could never again be conscious of the same spontaneity in his desire to render her a service.

American women have so long felt themselves entitled to every courtesy which a man can render that they have developed a habit of carelessness and disregard which is most discreditable to them, and productive of the worst consequences in its effect upon the masculine half of humanity.

Some day, when these consequences have borne full fruit and women find themselves where they will inevitably be placed if their disregardfulness continues, they will arouse to the consciousness of what they have lost and what they can never recover.

VIRGINIA WESTOVER.

### Real Uses of Society.

When you consider that there are several papers in the land devoted to nothing save the chronicles of society folk—papers which thrive and prosper—you must pause and laugh, not at society, but at those who perpetually read of its doings and chuckle over its grossly misreported escapades. That "society" is not worthless which supports a small army of writers and editors, printers and proofreaders, newsdealers and paper manufacturers. A playwright once told us that he had never until recently considered how much machinery the production of one of his plays set in motion, and how humble he felt at it in the thought of the number of people his brain children supported—actors, ushers, scene shifters, ticket sellers and so on, far down the line. And the giving of a ball, in the season starts many another ball a-rolling. It is a most interesting thing to see how many "ladies caterers" pockets, and you never hear the fornicators and cab drivers complaining. Seven or eight, brainless as it may be, has a certain use in the world, and many of us have not only talked of it, but written it—for some of the very lucid we condemn it for being silly.

### Japan's Working Children.

The Japanese are progressing so rapidly on the job of getting civilized that they can already boast a system of child labor that can put even our august institution to shame, says a writer in Success Magazine. According to Dr. Kuwada, a member of the Japanese House of Peers, more than two-fifths of the 1,000,000 factory hands are women and children. With laws to four or even five, the mill owners are employing 50,000 children who are under the age of fourteen. In the match and tobacco industries particularly, the work is for the most part done by children, and of these many are under ten years of age.

In the spinning mills these child-workers are often compelled to continue at their tasks at night without receiving extra pay or chance for rest. For disobedience of shop rules they are harshly flogged and, and, this latter imposition usually wiping out their meagre wages.

Most of these girls are recruited from the poor rural districts by agents who lure them on with fascinating tales of city life. The ignorant parents persuaded that the city will afford their daughters greater opportunity for education and refinement, offer up their children to an existence from which few live to return, and these broken in health and morals.



## Home-Makers and Keepers and Their Characteristics

There is a great deal of talk in the magazines and books and papers of to-day about women who are home-makers and home-keepers and women who are not.

Now, if there is one class of women who, as a class, are born and not made, it is the home-making, home-keeping class. To say this does not imply that there is no virtue or efficiency in training or teaching women the practical accomplishments that they will have need of when their home-making period is inaugurated. But when they have been trained and taught, if they have not a natural gift, there will be as much difference in results as was expressed by one woman to another, when she was asked if she had heard a famous singer. "Ah, no," she said, "I did not want to hear her. Her voice is all made."

Perhaps such criticism might be equally dissatisfied with the home which was managed by a house-keeper who was "all made" that is, by one whose knowledge and work in the home was confined altogether to technical learning, and not in the least founded upon womanly inclinations and instincts.

Some women can make a home anywhere and under any circumstances, that is, they can diffuse around them the atmosphere of home, its coziness and its close companionship, its pleasures and its wholesome restraints. However humble the environment it matters not, for a home altar may be erected wherever its worship goes on, and maybe for the refreshment of the poorest as well as the richest, all classes of humanity alike being free of its privileges who seek them in the right spirit.

A man who was a great observer of men and morals, once said that the truest index to a woman's character was her dress in which, whether she wished or not, she must be sincere. Other observers have, at various times, classified a woman's characteristics by handwriting, by lines on the palm and by the zodiacal signs which are supposed to have a temperamental influence, more or less intimate, according to the month and the date of a birthday.

But, more than in any other way, it would seem that the making of a woman's home indicates the type of woman she is. Her tastes are expressed in its wall hangings and furnishings, and sometimes loudly and crudely expressed. Her inclinations take shape in the antique mahogany or the white holly, or the plainer and less expensive woods which people who "shun extravagance" affect.

It is she who reads character by the art of the home-maker's selection in furniture, will be pretty apt to arrive. But, be that as it may, the main point to be decided, is whether the home-keeper is a genuine or an artificial product, whether within the walls of a house there is the touch and the influence that make for happiness, or formality and convention.

Perhaps the materials which the home-maker has at her right of disposal are scanty and by no means attractive. Perhaps her space may be limited and her opportunities cramped. Perhaps her soul may revolt at the wall hangings which an obdurate landlord refuses to change. But, if she is a woman who is really a home genius, she will overcome or smooth away all such difficulties. Her home will be bright with neatness and order, and alive with that hospitality which takes into its circle an outsider as a partner of all the circle can give of good feeling and good fellowship. Her heart will be in the welcome she gives, and its cordiality will make ample amends for whatever shortcomings may otherwise reveal themselves through lack of wealth and luxury.

Whatever may be said of other classes and types of women, the home-making class has its distinct and recognized place as a power for good, a centre from which peace and order and happiness radiate for the betterment of community and individual life.

More and more even the busiest women are beginning to realize this truth, women whose professional or mechanical or clerical work keeps them closely occupied during many hours out of the twenty-four which make up a day. More and more little groups of such women, drawn together by common interests and tastes and desires, are making for themselves homes where, freed from the restraints and harassments which beset them outside, they can interpose a barrier that gives them an effectual sense of freedom and independence, vital factors in the building up of a home that shall not help the builders along, but all others with whom they come in contact, and to whom they furnish a lesson in courage, self-reliance and contentment. BETTY BECKLEY.

### Living Room and Its Livable Look.

"A living room that has a certain livable look and air of homeliness, and this in a way determines the style of table which should be used in this room. No unstable gift affairs are allowed, no imitations of dainty inlay. Instead, mahogany, oak and choice woods are used, and also wicker and willow. These should, of course, be in styles to harmonize with the rest of the furniture. Be sure to choose tables that are built on good simple lines and that have a beautiful finish, not the hard, shiny and cheap-looking surface."

"The old-fashioned centre table with its carefully arranged gift-books which no one ever read and its fancy lamp on an ornate mat, is out of date. Today, if we have a large table in the centre of the room, it should be comfortable, and the whole family naturally gathers around it in the evenings. The chief table in the living room should be large and carefully placed so that it will give the greatest amount of use and comfort to the greatest number. A sofa drawn up to it on one side, and several can sit and read in the evening, and comfortable chairs placed near the other sides, is not only a sensible arrangement, but also a well-balanced and attractive one."

"If you do not wish to have a table cover or runner, lamp shades made of leather, brocade, cretonne or stenciled linen may be used. If you use a table cover, it should be made to fit the top of the table and edged with simple brocade, velveteen and heavy silk are edged with dull gold or it may be sick. Cretonne or crash looks well on this sort of table."

"A book-rack, a bowl for flowers, books that are in use, an ornament or two of real merit, are usually all the average table will hold beside the lamp and desk-set."

## Drop the Yesterdays

The new year is a good time to "leave the low-vaulted past," to drop the yesterdays, to forget bitter memories, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Resolve that when you cross the line between the old and the new year you will close the door on everything in the past that pains and cannot help you. Free yourself from everything which handicaps you, keeps you back and makes you unhappy. Throw away all useless baggage, drop everything that is a drag, that hinders your progress.

Enter the door of the new year with a clean slate and a free mind. Don't be mortgaged to the past, and never look back.

There are many times in the life of a person who does things that are worth while when he gets terribly discouraged and thinks it easier to go back than to push on. But there is no victory in retreating. We should never leave any bridges unburned behind us, any way open for retreat to tempt our weakness, indecision or discouragement. If there is anything we ever feel grateful for, it is that we have had courage and pluck enough to push on, to keep going when things looked dark and when seemingly insurmountable obstacles confronted us.

If you have made a blunder of 1910, if you feel that it has been a failure, that you have floundered and blundered and have done a lot of foolish things, if you have been glibly made imprudent investments, wasted your time and money, don't drag these ghosts over the new year line to handicap you and destroy your happiness all through the coming year.

Haven't you wasted enough energy worrying over what cannot be helped? Don't let these things sap any more of your vitality, waste any more of your time or destroy any more of your happiness.

## BORROWERS OF TROUBLE AND THEIR ATTITUDES

A woman who may not be able to borrow anything else, not money, nor even an umbrella on a rainy day, can always borrow trouble. She can not only borrow it, but she is made welcome to the keeping of it, without any fear as to being asked to give it back.

It is a curious fact, but women are great borrowers of trouble. They evidently believe that trouble carries with it some kind of distinction, and that achievement of any kind unattended with trouble is at best a poor sort of thing, scarcely worth the having or the doing.

Whenever a crisis occurs in a woman's life, or whenever she becomes the participant in an undertaking of moment or importance, she begins to reckon up all the chances that are likely to interfere with its success. If anything occurs to justify her forecast, she is in a way miserably triumphant, miserable because of failure, and triumphant over the opportunity of saying "I told you so. I knew how it would be from the very beginning."

It is quite useless to oppose to the predictions of such women the cold processes of logic or reason. There was never a truer saying than that "a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still." It is in vain that they are admonished not to "cross bridges" in advance, and that only "cowards die a thousand deaths."

They apparently lend an unwilling ear to advice. Then their minds like pendulums swing back to the starting point and first conclusions are again rather complacently opposed to all sensible opposition.

Women who borrow trouble are very uncomfortable to live with, because they are always endeavoring to force others to help them carry what they have borrowed, if they shouldered their

self-inflicted responsibilities after assuming them the question would be simplified. But they are unwilling to keep the capital they have acquired. They are constantly trying to induce others to borrow as they have done, even though there is a constantly diminishing chance of payment.

The borrowing of trouble not only puts a woman to the necessity of satisfying a relentless creditor, but it robs her of her peace, her cheerfulness and her dignity. The debt she owes presses upon her emotional nature and renders her an easy prey to all sorts of imaginings and idle fancies. It leads her to distrust those in whom she might naturally have confidence, and it forbids her full and rational enjoyment of success, even when it is assured.

There is enough real and inevitable trouble in the happiest woman's life, one might think, without her feeling the necessity that impels her to borrow more than rightfully comes to her. If, when a woman is inclined to be so foolish, she will pause and ask herself if she is not going outside of her needs in becoming a borrower, it is possible she may be a better woman. She will certainly be a happier one.

### Scintillations.

Manipulating speculators have succeeded at various times in cornering all the markets of foodstuffs—except the grain of truth.

As far as love is concerned, the beginning of wisdom is the end of happiness.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard." But he usually prefers to go to his "uncle." The man who hesitates is soon married, while the woman who does so last.

Brevity is the soul of wit—but a

brevity in your ban account finds you at your wits' end.

Tell a girl that she is your first love, and she is foolish enough to believe that she will be your last.

The only secret that seems to be well kept in this world is that of success. Debtors are like automobiles. We rush into them and crawl out the best way we can.

A real friend will stand by you to the last dollar, but it has to be your dollar.

Misfortune is sent to annoy us and amuse our friends.—The Smart Set.

### Phases of Life.

There are different moods of life: Bachelor, spinsterhood, a slow life; matrimonial life, which is a steady animation, and the Reno electric life, a spiky variety composed of alternating currents of the married and single kinds.

The butterfly life is the gay one, but it is too short; the tortoise life is longer, but is too slow; and if you are to strike a safe and sane gait in the middle of the road, you get run over by some joy rider going the pace that kills—such as you.

Life is the most necessary thing in the world—you simply cannot live without it. It is as uncertain and difficult to control as dynamite, or a woman. Too much life will land you in jail, and too little in a coffin.

High life is dangerous, as one's aeroplane may have a "brainstorm" at any minute of altitude, and there is no longer much enjoyment in low life on account of the settlement workers and slumming parties. Apparently the only escape from bourgeois dullness is to marry as often as possible; and there is always danger of falling in love with your wife and settling down to a duckpond placidity.

## The Japanese Version

The Emperor of Japan is the one poet-sovereign living, says Adachi Kinnosuke in an article called "The Every-day Mikado," in Success Magazine. I believe there is no monarch upon a throne in Europe or of the East who can even pretend to dispute the title with him. I know something of these distortions which are going the rounds of American newspapers and magazines as English translations of the Emperor's poems. Some things can be translated, even improved upon a little. Other things there are, though, which simply cannot be translated.

Years ago some of us at school were called upon to translate Poet's "Annabel Lee" into Japanese. Of course we did it. We were even proud of our efforts. We were too young to know any better. You know the original:

"And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her love, her love, her love,  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea."

We translated it into Japanese something after the following fashion:

For the reason stated, in the old days,  
In this king's country bordering the sea,  
A wind blew from a cloud giving a bad cold to  
My beautiful Annabel Lee.  
For that reason, her aristocratic male relative came  
And took her away from me  
In order that he may shut her up in a grave  
In this king's country bordering the sea.

And I really think that the above is an infinitely more graceful and just rendering of Poe's fine lines than are almost any of the English translations of Matsushita's poems.